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(A draught of wind whirls some faded leaves across the stage; Theodore shivers; both draw their hands over the face as if awakening from a dream.)

ANTOINETTE.

The spell is broken! We have nothing more to give to each other. Nothing remains to us now but to say farewell! (She rises slowly, throws a last glance of gratitude at him, then turns, takes the white flower and, kissing it, lets it drop as she departs.)

THEODORE.

(Gazes after her, then rises, picks up the flower.) Oh, thou symbol of love that cannot last, emblem of purity and peace, of recollection and the last farewell. (Presses the flower to his lips.) I feel like weeping, I know not whether with joy or pain, for all or for nothing, for something that words can never express. A union of love without events, without profanity, without a single word or kiss! And yet I feel that I have lived more intimately with her than with all those women who have haunted the passions of my youth. I have loved! It is as if I had awakened from a long, refreshing sleep, and as if the phantom of a dream — too beautiful to be true — still lingered in the solitude of my heart. I should not complain. Fate has granted me deeper, truer love than most men will ever fathom. Well it is that we parted so; for this love is now the resurrection of my better self, the talisman of happiness. I now feel strong enough to make the few last staggering steps to the grave, with a peaceful mind. The light of the star, that has risen so late, will be strong enough to radiate the coming darkness.

(The evening star appears in the sky; the curtain slowly drops.)

A FEW SAMPLE POEMS OF THE LITERARY
ANARCHY OF PARIS, 1893.

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville,
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
O le chant de la pluie.

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pour quoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur à tant de peine.

—PAUL VERLAINE

The following are literal translations of two of Jean Moréas' poems:

1

The curlews in the bullrushes!
(Shall I speak to you of them,
Of the curlews in the bull rushes?)
Oh you beautiful watersprite!
The swineherd and his swine!
(Shall I speak to you of them,
Of the swineherd and the swine?)
Oh you beautiful water sprite!
My heart caught in your net!
(Shall I speak to you of it,
Of my heart in your net?)
Oh you beautiful water sprite!

2

Someone has stepped on the flowers on the edge of
the road
And the autumnal wind has overmore crumpled
them so much,
The stage coach has knocked down the old cross on
the edge of the road.
The idiot (you know!) has died on the edge of the
road,
And nobody, overmore, will weep over him.

Dans une coupe de Thulé
Où vient pâler l'attrait de l'heure,
Dort le senile et dolent leurre
De l'ultime rêve adulé.

Mais des cheveux d'argent filé
Font un voile à celle qui pleure
Dans une coupe de Thulé
Où s'est éteint l'attrait de l'heure.

Et l'on ne sait quel jubilé
Célèbre une harpe mineure,
Que le hautain fantôme effleure
D'un lucide doigt fuselé!
Dans une coupe de Thulé.

—CHARLES VIGNIER (*favorite pupil of Verlaine*).

Literal translation:

In a goblet of Thule, where the attraction of the
hour has faded, sleeps the hoary and suffering bait
of the last, pampered dream. But hair spun of silver
makes a veil for the weeping one, in a goblet of
Thule where the attraction of the hour is extin-
guished. And a, I know not what sort of jubilee is
celebrated by a minor harp, which the haughty
phantom touches with his light pointed finger! In a
goblet of Thule.

IMPROMPTU DE CUIVRES ET BASSES.

Vivant! le vent qui passe aux houx des plus grands
deuils.
Sinistrement s'élève les hauts sommets d'orgueils.
et de nos soirs épars il n'est plus qu'un sang
d'homme

Avivé d'une plaie insonore et qui n'a
Tel espoir de ne plus se rêver en la somme,
Torrentielle des nuits veuves d'hosanna.

Mais promets qu'un regret ne s'ouvrira dans l'heure,
éplorée à long temps d'un vol d'oiseau qui meure ;

Triste pour nos doux Yeux en mariage ouverts
Tandis que les midis de nuelles plumes pleuvent !

puisque l'an des roseaux qui du rire s'émeuvent,
Tant désespérément s'ensepulture d'hier
Mouvant de souvenirs qui deviennent quel air,
Agit de sanglots muets en les mémoires ;
puisque l'eau le miroir non désert où nos gloires,
Vaguant en azurs avéraient l'univers
Tumultueuse mêle un haussement d'hivers :
puisqu'aussi loin que nous songeâmes parmi
l'heure.

Vivant ! le vent qui passe aux houx des plus grands
deuils.

Traîne en orage épars le sang de mes orgueils.

RENÉ GHIL (Instrumentalist).

Untranslatable — observe the eccentricities of composition and his imitations of the sounds of bass strings and brass instruments.

AMERICAN ART GOSSIP.

The first American picture sold at the Chicago Fair was by Carl Weber of Philadelphia, entitled: "Scene in the Jersey Flats."

The editor would be very grateful if the artists whom he criticises would always try to realize his indulgent estimate of their work. The editor is at any time more willing to point out virtues than vices, and the artists in return should be considerate enough to send their best, most representative pictures to important exhibitions.

I wonder how American artists can have any patience at all with the ordinary newspaper art critics. In my opinion they are . . . A few exceptions render the truth of this statement only the more palpable. Yet their present "sarsaparilla" style of writing has to be excused to some extent by the bragging, anæmic, hypocritical condition of the entire American press.

Mr. Wells Champney advances the idea that copies of paintings should be made in pastel, as such copies would preserve the color-character of the originals. In a hundred years hence the originals may have grown considerably darker in tone while the pastel copy (which if well kept loses but little of its brilliancy of color) would give a faithful representation of the original of to-day. Mr. Champney thinks that pastel possesses power enough to be employed in copying Velasquez or Rembrandt.

The editor begs to be excused for being a little behind time with the publication of the second number of THE ART CRITIC. Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann on his return from New York was arrested on the charge of circulating "immoral"

literature. Whether Christ — upholding the right of expressing individual convictions in art and life — is really considered an immoral book in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, will be decided before the Superior Court during 1894. Mr. T. W. Coakley is the counsel for the defendant.

"During his recent stay in Philadelphia the editor thought it appropriate that somebody should make a short speech at the private view of the Academy exhibition in honor of Anders Zorn, who was specially invited to attend the opening. Mr. H. S. Morris, however, did not think it appropriate as "it would disturb their programme." And of what did this programme consist? Merely of decorating the entrance like a beer garden, where no beer was to be had, and getting the orchestra to play popular music. (Music is the art of this age, and yet few understand how vulgar it can be at times.) Why did they not make the music as classical as the pictures of Dewing, Sargent, Whistler, Cecilia Beaux, why had they just selected Boldini attitudes and mercenary portraiture to be represented in tones?

Yes, the opening nights of exhibitions are exceedingly tiresome. I found that out at the Cazin and New York Water Color Club openings.

I am extremely sorry that the artists consider it necessary to wear dress suits (its being the most economical costume is naturally one point in its favor); in society dress suits have, of course, their place, but in Bohemia! Naturally everybody has his own ideas about such things, but dress suits do much to kill even the little sociability that exists in American art life. On principle the editor of the ART CRITIC would never wear a dress suit (don't think that he has none) at festivals relating to Bohemia.

Anders Zorn was invited to the opening apparently merely to be chased through the galleries, and to shake hands with smiling ladies and gentlemen with their hair pasted down on both sides of their heads. How they danced around him and uttered stale compliments with pseudo-sincerity. How all this must have bored Zorn! And I am sorry to say that some of his professional admirers also imposed a good deal on Mr. Zorn's modesty in forcing some favorable criticism out of him.

Oh, shades of Confucius, the whole universe with all its good and evil lies between Zorn and these affectationists, with their pigmy souls and brush flunkeyism.

I asked Zorn what he thought of a man who could paint and appreciate but one little phase of art and he answered: "They are no artists, that's all."

At the reception to Zorn and that to the pianist Slivinski in the New York Salmagundi Club, the social element was not much better. To entertain one of the greatest painters of the day they had arranged a variety show in which a little girl danced "the prostitution of childhood," and at every high kick the Anglo Saxon spirit of the assemblage rose in pride in having so successfully acquired a taste for an apparently so decent fin de siècle art.

The speech was to be as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen — I may conscientiously say that the works of no other artist has attracted so much attention at the World's Fair as Mr. Zorn's, and none promises to exercise so beneficial an influence upon American art.

His pictures are a revelation of how far modern technique can go, as far as the old masters, perhaps beyond! Nobody can resist their brilliancy, and elegance and convincing naturalness. Nobody who has ever studied them can forget them. Mr. Zorn has accomplished the rare task of satisfying the laymen as well as the professionals, the connoisseurs as well as the fashionable world.